MEMOIR

OF

CHARLES LATHROP WINSLOW,

WHO WAS BORN IN CEYLON,

JANUARY 12, 1821,

And Died in New York,

MAY 24, 1832.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

Containing brief Notices of his Grandfather and Parents.

"The isles shall wait for his law." — *Isaiah* xlii 4

NEW-YORK:

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INTRODUCTION.

Much is said, and very properly, of the improvement, within a few years, of books for children. It may be doubted however, whether many of the works of fiction, now in their hands, do not tend to produce in them an effeminacy of mind as unfavorable to mental vigor, and a morbidness of sensibility, as prejudicial to sound judgment, as the vain stories which have been displaced. Such marvellous histories as Tom Thumb, and Jack the Giant-Killer, excited the imagination, and like the Arabian Nights' Entertainment for older children, amused the fancy, without conveying any valuable instruction; but they did not blind the judgment, because they could not be soberly believed. The number was also too small to produce much dissipation

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of mind, and there was a corrective in the few sober books found in their company, which there was time to read again and again, and on that account, though perhaps with difficulty, the better to understand, as the stomach digests harder food the more readily, when it takes in but little.

A taste for reading was then less common than it is now, and when formed, was often improperly directed; but it was more sound and healthful than that arising from too highly stimulating works of fiction, which destroy the appetite for solid reading.

To obviate some of the evils, and secure as far as may be, the many benefits of the more enlarged libraries for children, it is desirable to increase the number of sketches from actual life, that the world may be seen by them as it is, and religion as it has existed in reality, and not in imagination. Biographies of the young, are therefore particularly useful. When children see in those of their own age, an example of piety, they are more easily impressed with its beauty, and may be excited to seek its blessings. As it is particularly desirable to cherish in them a spirit of benevolence, and to teach them to send their little hearts abroad, the memoir of one born

in a distant heathen land, though short, and marked with but little variety, may be found interesting and useful.

To supply a little that want of description of natural scenery, desirable to give locality to the subject of the memoir, and which was unavoidable, as the compilation has been made by one not acquainted with the country, the following notice of the place where he was born, and spent all his short life, except the few closing months, is taken from a Journal of his father, written in 1825.

VIEW OF THE STATION.

"In coming from Jaffnapatam to Oodooville, your way lies principally through populous native villages, which appear at a distance, like a continued forest, on account of the large and tall fruit, and other trees, beneath which the houses are concealed. Indeed, the road, much of the way, is shaded by the banyan, or the wide spreading and thickly leaved margosa, which afford a most agreeable protection from a tropical sun, and look green and fresh, even when the fields around are burnt up with heat. The continual verdure of these and some other trees, gives a

richness to the scenery, which compensates, in part, for its monotony. There being neither hill, nor rivulet, nor even a solitary rock, but one unvaried surface of level country, with a similar variety of gardens, orchards, dry grain lands, and rice fields, the prospect would be tiresome, were it not enlivened, here and there, at all times with the rich verdure of spring. A carpet of the brightest green nature ever laid, is sometimes seen here in the midst of what appears a sandy waste. Such are the little spots cultivated during the hot season, in the midst of the rice grounds, and watered from some tank or well. The road to Oodooville is good.

"After passing through the village of Erneville, four and a half miles from Jaffna, you come in sight of the church and house, about one mile distant, at the left hand. They are three quarters of a mile from the main road, leading on to Mallagum and Tillipally. The low gable end of the church, and the front of the house, on a line with it, both plastered and white-washed outside, make a pretty appearance from the road in passing, as the ground is quite level, and nothing obstructs the view. In front of the house is an open plain extending to the east, as far as the eye can reach. A little distance back,

but not in sight, are rice fields; and on either side, the gardens and houses of Oodooville village. The house and church, with the ground belonging to them, are enclosed with a neat living hedge, and we enter through a plain, barred gate, (from the road which runs east and west,) a walk running directly past the front door of the church, to the south end of the Virandah of the house, a few feet beyond it. The house is connected with the church by an arched gateway, through which we go into the back part of the garden, and with a long low stone building parallel with the house, and about 20 yards back, used for a store-room and kitchen. On a line with that, is a mud-walled bungalow, occupied by the Female School, which has also a school-room taken off from the west end of the church. Immediately back of this room, is a convenient bungalow, with mud walls, but white-washed, occupied by the native assistant at the station. The breadth of the church is 27 feet, and the whole length 130 feet, of which only 90 are now taken up by the part occupied for divine worship.

"The church, though low and narrow, covered with olas, without a ceiling over head, and having only a moderate sized bell hung

in a small tower at the top of the front gable end, is a very decent and comfortable place, for a native congregation; and what is better, it is *tolerably well filled on the Sabbath.* The house is covered with tiles, and like many other houses here, is not ceiled over head; so that the roof, from which snakes and serpents sometimes fall, is seen inside from the floor. There are two decent rooms in front, and two narrow rooms back. None of them are large, but they are comfortable.

"There is a pleasant virandah in front, which looks into a garden, where are roses, Indian pinks, and various other flowers, most of them peculiar to a tropical climate. There are, also, in the garden, salads, as lettuce, parsley, &c., and we cultivate cucumbers, watermelons, beans, arrow-root, and some vegetables peculiar to the country. We have plants of the orange, lime, pomplemose, jack, mango, and some other fruit trees; and near the house is a vine, which is beginning to bear very fine grapes.

"The principal thing to be seen in the garden, however, which is on three sides of the house, is the *plantain*, whose broad and fresh leaf, shooting up, and then bending over like the leaf of a corn-stalk many times magnified, affords a most agree-

able relief to the eye, and a partial shade. By giving out considerable quantities of moisture, it allays the burning heat of the atmosphere. During the dry season, that is, from the latter part of January to the latter part of October, when but little rain falls, large quantities of water are drawn, almost daily, from the wells, and conducted in little channels over the garden, which also tends to cool the air. This watering is so expensive, that the garden does not pay for itself, unless the comfort, and almost necessity, of a little shade around one, be reckoned in the account.

"There are two wells on the premises; one an old one, which was filled up when we came, and another which we have dug. The latter is about 20 feet deep, and 30 feet in circumference, and sunk nine feet into the rock, which forms the basis of this District. It has usually nearly five feet of water. The water is raised by a large basket, attached by a rope or pole to a common well-sweep, on which a man, by the help of some pegs in the sweep, and some tall saplings on either side for him to lay his hands on, steps back and forwards to bring his weight on the opposite side to the basket, when it is full, and on the same side with it, when empty, while

another, directing the pole, or rope, fills and empties the basket. By this simple contrivance, about six gallons of water are raised at once, and near a barrel in a minute, when they particularly exert themselves. The whole body of water in the well is easily drawn out by two men, in a forenoon. This manner of watering the lands, is common throughout the District, though, in most parts, the wells are less deep than they are here, and there are many tanks from which the water is more readily raised. 'And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers [channels] of water.' Ps. i. 3."

Perhaps it may tend to make this account a little more graphic, and to throw further light on some parts of the Memoir, to add also the following notice, from the same Journal, of the changes which had then taken place in *five* years, and which since, by the blessing of God, have been still greater; as the number of native Free Schools has, as we learn, been increased to *twenty*, the members of the Female Central School to *fifty*, and of members of the native church to more than *forty*, in communion.

"*July* 4, 1825.—Five years ago to-day, in connection with brother and sister Spaulding,

we took up our abode in this house, which had then neither floors, doors, nor windows; was not plastered, and but partly covered. We lived, and had all our effects, in a little unfinished room about twelve feet square, while brother and sister Spaulding had one of similar dimensions. But we were happy, because it was our *home among the heathen;* nor has this *home* become less precious by having been made somewhat more comfortable, and by having become more like a missionary station. Then we had no Boarding School; only two native Free Schools; no suitable place for preaching; and none about us, who wished to hear preaching. Only one young man, a native assistant, who is not now here, had any regard for Christianity.

"Now, there is a *Female Boarding School;* there are thirteen native Free Schools; a decent place for public worship; a respectable congregation, and a little church. The change in the moral aspect at the station is, therefore, a little like that in its natural scenery. When we first, (four months previous to taking up our residence here,) visited the place, it was "all grown over with briers and thorns," in which the serpent and scorpion lay concealed. The old broken down walls of the church and house were the

resort of owls and bats, and the supposed residence of evil spirits. The natives around feared to come near the ruins, and the stranger quickened his step, and cast a hasty glance at them, in passing by. Let then the friends of missions, and especially the contributors to this mission, consider the change which *their* charity has effected. Let them look at the stones revived out of the heaps of rubbish; at the ruins rebuilt; the place, like the other stations of the mission, resorted to by multitudes to be benefitted in a variety of ways; — the sick for healing; the poor for charity; the ignorant, sometimes, for instruction; and many for various other purposes, which bring them, for a short time at least, within the sound of the gospel.

MEMOIR, &c.

Charles Lathrop Winslow was the son of the Rev. Miron Winslow, American missionary to Ceylon, and was born at that island, January 12th, 1821. His father was the son of Mr. Nathaniel Winslow, of Salisbury, Conn.; his mother, Mrs. Harriet Winslow, was the daughter of Charles Lathrop, Esq., of Norwich, Conn.

In the appendix, the reader will find brief notices of both of these grandfathers of young Winslow; through whom he could trace his descent in an unbroken line of pious ancestry, extending back to the time, when the pilgrim fathers of New England first landed at Ply-

mouth. In his history, therefore, we shall discover one more proof of the faithfulness of God to his promises. "For his mercy is from everlasting to everlasting unto those who fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; — unto such as keep his covenant, and remember his commandments to do them."

His father is already well known to American Christians, as an able and faithful missionary, whose labors at Oodooville in Ceylon, have been peculiarly blessed, and for whose continued life and usefulness, the prayers of the churches are daily offered. A few notices of his early history and labors will be found in the appendix. There also will be found a brief record of Mrs. Winslow, who, about eight months after the decease of this her only son, followed him into eternity.

By these parents, he was given to God in baptism, three weeks after his birth. Their prayers attended his infancy, and their instructions guided his first inquiries after knowledge and duty. To such parental faithfulness, special blessings are promised by God. To those

who now enjoy, or have enjoyed the privileges of such a birth-right, and such early instruction in the school of Christ, and such prayers for their conversion, we would address the words of the excellent *Doddridge.*

"You are the seed of God's servants; you were early devoted to God in baptism; you have a large stock of prayers laid up in the presence of God for you. I do really apprehend, even the covenant of God with believing parents bears a favorable aspect upon their children: and though I dare not say, nor think, that it secures their salvation, for I fear fact lies strongly against such a presumption, as we are sure it did even in the children of Abraham; yet there is some peculiar encouragement for such to seek the God of their fathers. I believe the Spirit strives peculiarly with them; and that when they seek it, it is more immediately and more fully communicated to them than generally to others. And sure I am, that those early instructions they have received, have often a blessed resurrection in their hearts, even after they have been long forgotten; and the seed, which seemed to

have perished, often brings forth fruit in abundance. And, therefore, thank God and take courage. In his name and strength, set out in your heavenly pilgrimage, with the word of God in your hand and heart, and with your eyes to the Spirit of God, as your guide and strength: and be assured, there are many who will bid you good speed in the name of the Lord, and will rejoice to assist you in your course."

As with the exception of his voyage to America, and the few days spent here, the whole life of Charles Winslow was spent at Ceylon, our knowledge of his character and conduct, is chiefly derived from the letters of his parents, written without any view to publication, and containing the little details which they knew would interest their American relatives. We shall, therefore, transcribe for the reader these various notices, as they from time time to occur, without any attempt to alter the affectionate simplicity of the language, or to give any more formal arrangement to details so miscellaneous in their character.

August 19, 1822.

Charles learns fast to speak and understand Tamul and some words of English, and is imitating almost everything he sees. For a few days past, we have had a carpenter at work about the house, and Charles is frequently with a piece of stick sawing a board or hammering it. This afternoon he was much delighted with a small saw made of iron, with which he could make some impression on the boards. The carpenter has also made him a wooden hammer. We feel the want of amusements for our children, in this country, and are very glad to see Charles in the way to provide himself with some employment. His health was never better. He regularly takes his two or three rice cakes for breakfast, with a little rice and currey, and has three put aside for tiffin—beside these, all his food is milk ; — meat and bread he will not willingly eat, and we don't urge it. Charles likes much to go and sit down on the floor with the girls, and eat some of their rice and currey with his hands, after he has knelt with them to ask a blessing."

NARROW ESCAPE.

Jan. 11, 1823.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Winslow, Charles, Harriet, and myself, commenced a ride for Harriet's health, who had been ill for some days. The horse had not been in the gig for three months, and was in rather high spirits. We were only a few rods from the house, when he took fright, and, at the same moment, one of the reins breaking turned the gig on to the roots of a large tree, and the next moment, the other rein breaking increased the horse's fright, and while running the gig turned over.

Mr. Winslow jumped out, as the second line broke, in the hope of stopping the horse, and fell, so as to get a little bruised. I caught Charles, who was sitting on the bottom of the gig, and held him sometime, till he slipped from my hand, and fell between the wheel and shafts. Harriet remained in my other arm, when we fell with the gig; she received no injury. I was confident that I saw the wheel go over Charles' body, and with the be-

lief that he was killed, got up myself without being aware that I was in the least hurt, until the dear boy was in my arms, and I saw that he was alive, and not a bone broken. [Mrs. Winslow got home with some difficulty, and was for a long time confined to her bed.]

Jan. 24, 1823.

Charles learns to talk very fast, and though he understands a good deal of English, he will seldom speak, except in Tamul. Should the Lord change his heart, and make him a preacher of the gospel to this people, it would be a great advantage to him, to have known their language in early life."

Feb. 21. "Charles every day gets a kiss for grandma. For a few days past, he is very often aside with his book to pray and read. He goes to a chair, calls for a psalm book, and turns over the leaves till he finds the place, and then makes noise enough to show that he distinguishes one note from another. After a while, he closes his book, lays it down, and then kneels and covers his face, while he moves his lips in prayer. This being over, (and it is

sometimes quite long) he takes his book, sings and prays again, often the third time.

Jan. 20, 1824.

I wish you could see Charles every day. He is constantly employed. Sometimes with a hammer and nails putting up boards for a house — sometimes with flowers, with which the garden abounds — again, with seeds of various kinds, "making believe" boil rice and currey in cocoa-nut shells — digging in the garden, planting seeds — watering his plants, writing to grandma, &c. &c.

He and Harriet, his little sister, read together once a day regularly, and, when well, more than that. They are very affectionate, and Charles is very watchful lest she should get hurt. He was exceedingly grieved yesterday, when she put her hand on something that he was pounding, and he struck it, and hurt her very much.

I do not see the tenderness of conscience in this dear one, which I wish to see. It is a privilege to feel and pray for him, and will ever be so, though he should be cast off. But I

have a strong hope, that the Lord will add to his mercies, this greatest one of our seeing him walking in his fear. You cannot understand the extent of our reasons for wishing to have our children in America. But they are powerful.

April 24, 1824.

Charles has had a turn of fever for several days. He is seldom ill, and then it is severely.

Charles came to me the other evening, that he might write to ma's country, and there was no rest till he had got paper and pencil, and filled as much paper as mother would allow him to write. He then requested it might be put *carefully* away, to be sent in the ship to America. He often speaks of going in a great ship, to see grandpa and grandma—and I overheard him yesterday praying that pa and ma might go to America.

Feb. 8, 1825.

Our little Charles is getting to be a great gardener. He is very active and resolute, but, at the same time, perfectly obedient.

Near the close of the year 1825, Mr. and Mrs. W. took a voyage to Calcutta, on account of the severe illness of the former. Little Charles went with them, while his sister Harriet stayed behind, under the kind care of Mrs. Spaulding. While these parents were thus absent, their darling daughter, and Jane Spaulding, the oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. S., were removed by death of Cholera, within a few hours of each other.

March 22, 1826.

Charles has talked much about death, since his sister died. He tries to understand how the soul would like to go to God.

We are now at sea, on our way home. He is well and very active — climbing the ropes — jumping up the ship's sides — making instruments to take an observation of the sun to know our latitude, and all the "et cætera" of overflowing boyish spirits. He seems now to take to his book a little more than he has done. Since we left home he has been much of the time neglected; and has made but little progress in reading. Charles could not love any one more than he did Harriet. I never saw

brother and sister whose pleasures and pains were so much *one;* and next to her he loved Jane.

The news of their death had a singular effect. He looked steadily at his father's face when he told him, and though he saw us both weeping, betrayed no emotion, but seemed to make an effort, and turned away to seek the children of the family for play.

When we afterwards spoke of them to him, he listened rather reluctantly, but said nothing, and though before, he would speak of them twenty times in a day, always planning to tell them of what he saw and heard, and getting something to carry to them. He now never mentioned their names. After about ten days he was one evening amusing himself by my side, unusually affectionate and free, and looking up suddenly, said, "For many days I did n't like to talk about Harriet and Jane — when mamma talked about them, I did not like it. I wish she would n't talk so." "And can you now talk about them?" "Yes, now I will." He then made many inquiries about how long they were sick — if they had much pain, &c., and was quite affected, when I told him that his sister called Charles twice, a few minutes before she

died. He has since spoken of them often, and is anxious to know what Harriet wanted, when she called him. After thinking, one day, he said, "I think I know; I think she wanted to tell me to be a good boy, and pray, and love God." He sometimes says to himself, "dear Harriet 's dead," "poor Harriet 's dead;" and he says, "do n't mamma know how many times she said, 'I want to die — I want to die and go to God,' — now I think Harriet is in heaven."

March 16, 1827.

I had this evening, an interesting conversation with Charles. It seemed a new thought to him, that those who go to hell, have never after an opportunity to repent, and it was difficult to convince him that they cannot put an end to their sufferings by killing themselves; he said, "but if Jesus should come to them and call them, would they not love him and go to him."

May, 1826.

Dear little Harriet lies beside our little babe in the corner of our front and east garden, where, God willing, our bodies will rest. Our

dear Charles often goes there, and he said, last evening, "Why, mamma, do you not go and see where dear little Harriet lies? She is very near the little baby, side by side." He appeared to try to forget her, and avoid speaking of her death when we were away, and would generally comfort himself, if for a moment recollecting his loss, in the expectation of finding Joanna well, and much improved, so that she could play with him; but since we came to Oodooville, he has mourned much that he could not see her. He says, "Oh, mamma, if God had let dear little Harriet live, till we came home, how glad I should be. I want to go to heaven, then I can see her." He has prayed that God would let him die soon, so that he could see Harriet.

Charles enjoys Joanna very much. Dear fellow — I wish I were not so anxious about him, and would be thankful, that I can cast him on the Lord with more quietness than I once did. He has, however, so much about him that says, I will be something or nothing, that I often tremble, and often know not my duty toward him. He is very observing, and

inquisitive — thinks and speaks for himself. I see dangers encircle him so that it almost seems as *though he cannot escape.*

Nov. 1826.

We spent last evening in Manepy, and had a precious time, quite like what we had in revivals. We are hoping for times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, before the close of the year. After meeting, I had an alarm, which will show you how much we are in danger and death, and how kindly preserved from harm. After the last singing, when we had all stood around the table, turning myself to sit down in the chair behind me, my eyes fell on a very poisonous snake at my feet. It moved slowly from me towards Charles, who lay on the floor asleep, about a yard distant! I had often thought of the possibility of seeing a snake beside the children in bed, and knowing that if I did anything to disturb it in the least, it would without doubt bite the child, I stood and saw it approach, saw it go under his pillow, come back, and then go over his face, with emotions which cannot be expressed. The agony of suspense I was in, as it crawled about

him, fearing lest he should move a little, and the almost certainty that if he did we should lose him by a horrid death, and then the joy of seeing the creature fairly away from him, was quite too much for me.

Nov. 28, 1826.

Charles is still very tender, in everything that was connected with Harriet. You would have been interested and affected yesterday. After the meeting together by ourselves, we called in the children, Charles, E. and J.; said a few words about Jane and Harriet, and, after a prayer, proposed to them each to repeat a verse of a hymn, before a second prayer. They stood up together, and Charles, without our mentioning any particular one, began, "Tell me, mamma, if I must die." He faltered and stopped, and was a good deal affected, for some time. It was a favorite hymn of Harriet's. Everything which he recognizes as once belonging to her, seems almost sacred, and cannot be taken too great care of.

Oct. 26, 1827.

It would, I know, gratify our dear parents to have heard Charles' conversation with me

this evening. We have prayers in Tamul after early tea; after that, Mr. W. goes to his room, and Charles remains with me till his bed-time, half past eight. He spends this time in reading, that being the condition on which he sits up so long. It is a favorable opportunity, for me to explain to him what he does not understand in his reading, and in various ways to make the task a pleasant one. He generally chooses reading of a religious kind. Indeed I am surprised to see with what avidity he seizes on many historical parts in the Old and New Testament — makes his reflections on them, &c. &c. Long before he could read himself, I commenced reading the Old Testament to him, omitting some portions, simplifying and explaining the history so that he could understand it. His first reading for himself was to go on with what I had begun, in which I gave him such assistance as he seemed to require. This is his most pleasant study, and he has many parts of Scripture history more at his command, after once reading, than his mother has, after having gone over the same many times. The dear boy remembers facts well, and anything that has been once clearly

impressed upon his mind, I never knew him to forget. I think he has, in conversation with me this evening, quoted more than a dozen passages of Scripture, which he cannot have read more than once; but they carried a distinct thought to his mind, and are therefore fixed there.

June, 1828.

Perhaps I cannot tell you of anything which will interest you more than some account of Charles. He often reminds me of you — not in his appearance only, but in some of his actions; among others, he sleeps as soundly as you used to do, and eats as heartily. In his studies, he is of course backward, having no advantage of a school, and being instructed almost wholly by his mother, who has so much of other things to do, as often to neglect him. In Arithmetic he is now the second time in the "rule of three," — has just got through Cumming's Geography — about half the English Grammar, and a little in the Latin — finds it hard to spell, as he has not the stimulus of a class, but does pretty well — has written one

letter to his papa, but we have not thought it best to hurry him in writing. He does not love to commit hymns, and has never learnt more than between 30 and 40. Catechism, a small one, partly Emerson's and partly his mother's — the Scripture Catechism as far as he has read in the Bible, which is now nearly the whole, and a part of the Assembly's Catechism. He has gone nearly through the historical parts of the Old and New Testament, with considerable understanding of what he reads, as I have generally been with him, and assisted to explain, &c. He has lately been reading "Scenes in America;" is much amused with the pictures of scenes and practices there, and wants to know if the people he shall see, look and do so. He is interested in Biography, and many other little books written for children, but nothing has engaged his attention so much as Scripture history. I am sorry to say, he does not love to pray, or to think of his accountability to God. I fear he will have much trouble with his heart, before it submits to Jesus, and I beg your prayers for him, especially that it may be the will of

God early to make him a subject of renewing grace.

Nov. 1828.

Charles last night prayed that the Holy Spirit would come down as the rain, and water all this dry country, and keep it wet, and not let it get dry and hard any more, that the people may be *always* ready to receive the seed of God's word. Dear child, he prays sometimes as though his heart ascended with his words, and reads his Bible as though he had delight in the sentiment and language. But I have no reason to think that he is born again.

We add two specimens of his letters at this age.

Oodooville.

My Dear Grandpapa,

I have written to grand mamma Lathrop, and I think that my next letter must be to you. I am a little boy, but I have heard of grandpapa Winslow, and I wish to come to America and see you. I had a little brother named after George, and he was a sweet little boy, and loved me, and I loved him very

much, but he died, and now I have one sister. Papa and mamma say, that if I am a good boy, perhaps I may come to America, when I am 10 years old. I hope I shall see you and grandmamma, and all my friends, when I come. I am learning Arithmetic, Geography, Latin, writing and spelling. I suppose I do not learn so fast as boys in America do, but I hope I shall, when I come there. Joanna is not old enough to write you now.

Mamma says she looks like aunt Morton.

Please to give my love to grandmamma, and to all my uncles, aunts and cousins.

I am

your affectionate grandson,

CHARLES L. WINSLOW.

Jan. 1830.

MY DEAR GRANDPAPA,

I have written to grandmamma but she has not answered me, and I write to you; I think that I cannot find anything interesting, but I will tell you that a week ago, we went to Tillipally, and went to the sea north of T. and got a large basket full of shells, and went

into the water the first day, but did not have so fine a time as we had the next day, for then I swam a little. I think that I will come to America. Joanna is sitting by mamma's side, and sewing, and ma is praising her, and we are expecting every moment aunt Spaulding and E. and then we shall leave our work and run. We are expecting things from America, and shall be very glad of the book which grandmamma has sent. The lessons that I get are, — a Scripture lesson before breakfast; and after breakfast, the first lesson is Latin, the second is Tamul, the third is Airthmetic, the fourth is Writing, the fifth is Geography, and the sixth is spelling; and after dinner, the first lesson is History, and then my Journal.

Your affectionate grandson,

CHARLES L. WINSLOW.

Nov. 1829.

Our dear Charles has had two seasons of unusual seriousness within the last month. They have not left him as thoughtless as he was before, nor have they been abiding as we

could wish. It is, however, a matter of thankfulness that he is not without some strivings of the Spirit.

Feb. 1830.

Charles has been more than usually affected of late, at the thought that the children of the heathen are converted, while he is not. He has been more serious at times.

April, 1830.

Charles has had an attack of fever, and been quite ill for a day or two, but powerful medicines seem to have removed the danger which we apprehended, and he is now sitting up. He is seldom ill, but then very severely, so that we always feel anxious at once. This morning, as he was better, I told him I hoped he was thankful, and that he might get along, but perhaps God might see fit to send more sickness upon him, to make him think more of death, and be prepared for it. He burst into tears, and said, "Mamma, I am not afraid to die. I know very well, that God has not given me up."

Charles has been unusually affected by the

meeting this afternoon, but he says, "These feelings go off so soon, that is the difficulty, mamma."

Oct. 1830.

Charles told Mr. W., that he had a hope that he was a Christian. He is altered very much of late, in willingness to attend meetings — in his manner of praying, and tenderness of conscience. He often weeps when Christians weep, and talks as they talk — but I *fear* he knows nothing of the evils of his heart.

Nov. 20, 1830.

G. (a native,) had spent the day at B. and told what he had seen among his old companions and friends in the seminary; — how some who had been possessed with evil spirits, were now sitting clothed in their right mind. Some, he said, who had been exceedingly opposed to the truth, had held meetings to ridicule the Bible and those who loved it, and had committed sins too bad to be mentioned, are now with many tears crying to God for mercy. No one

who has not been with them as he has, and known them thoroughly as I have, can conceive the alteration. He had also been near, so as to know what was going on in the meeting of the children, heard their groans and sobs and prayers, and seemed much affected, and turning to Charles addressed him with much feeling, and I hope with effect. Poor Charles thought it new times to be exhorted by a native, and was quite overcome.

Oodooville, Dec. 25, 1830.

My Dear Grandpapa Winslow,

When grandmamma Lathrop asked me how I felt, I told her that first I hoped that I had given myself to Christ, but that I had a little doubt then; but now I feel that I have truly given myself to Christ.

On the 21st of Dec. mamma invited the children of the missionaries who wished to spend a day in seeking earnestly the salvation of their souls, to come to Oodooville, and four came; the others were sick. One had a fever, and the others a bad cold; but we had a very good, and a very pleasant time. There

has been a revival, as we hope, and many are inquiring, "What shall we do to be saved?" and we hope that some have given themselves to Christ; and all the oldest children of the missionaries are feeling a good deal. We hope that two have given themselves to Christ.

Jan. 5. I have another sister. I hope that God will keep you all till I come. Papa says that my sister has no name, and asks if you have a name to spare.

Your affectionate grandson,

CHARLES L. WINSLOW.

MR. NATH'L WINSLOW.

[*Published in the Conn. Sabbath School Herald.*]

Charles' parents now resolved to send him to America for his education, for reasons which, as they were situated will commend themselves to every parent's heart. The following extract will show how painful the parting was, to his affectionate parents and to himself.

Oct. 1831.

Dear Charles feels as though his time to be with us is short. To-night after he had said

"good night," with a kiss (as he usually does) he threw himself down, saying, "Oh, these good-nights, where will they be on board ship?" He told Mr. Spaulding, "I do very well through the day, but when night comes, I think of mamma." Charles' disposition is such, that we have never dared to place him under a native teacher, except to learn Tamul, an hour or so in the day, so that he has always been more or less hindered by the many cares and employments of his father and mother, and his progress in study has not corresponded with his ability. The dear child is pleased with the prospect of going to America, as he has always been, but he says, "Mamma, when we only talked about it, it was not quite certain, but now, since it is certain, I feel differently." Mother can say the same. I have no misgivings of judgment, but my feelings as a mother none can know. It is unnatural for parents to send a child of his age from them with little expectation of seeing him again; and it was perhaps unnatural for us to leave our parents, but I have no more doubt of my duty in this case, than I had in that; — and I

think I give stronger proof of love to my child by this act, than I could possibly do by detaining him here.

The time now came, for Charles' departure from Ceylon for America. And this seems the proper place for the following interesting sketch of his early life, and Christian conduct, written by his afflicted mother, shortly after receiving the tidings of his death, and only a few weeks before her own.

Oodooville, Jaffna, Nov. 23, 1832.

DEAR SISTER F.—

We have just heard that the "Star" will come to Madras next month, and on account of an opportunity to send to you, and as, just at this time, I feel that what I do must be done quickly, I commence a sheet to yourself and brother H., the first object of which shall be to notice your request, to give you some interesting facts of our dear lamented Charles.

Had I anticipated the event which has so afflicted us, I could have treasured on paper as well as in memory, many things which to you

and to us would be interesting, especially such as occurred in some of the last months and weeks he spent at home. As it is, my memory would do him less justice than my heart. My letters to Mamma have from time to time contained anecdotes of him to which I cannot add much from recollection, or from memorandums by me. I have, I think, often alluded to his strong attachment to his parents and sisters, of which you had some proof in his tender recollection of them after his arrival in America, and in his sea-journal. I think that a desire to please his parents and add to their comfort, more powerfully influenced him to duty, than any other motive. One proof of this is his writing daily in his journal, as writing was particularly irksome to him.

He seemed often to have no care of his own convenience and comfort, when it came in competition with ours.

He often refused food at the table that he thought I should like, however much he loved it, until he saw that I did not wish for it, and would often urge me to take what I declined, thinking that I denied myself for him, saying,

"Do, mamma, I do not want it;" and if sometimes I complied with his wish, he would seem quite happy.

When he had done wrong, nothing would so soon fill his eyes with tears as to see us grieve. Our sorrows touched his heart as though they were his own, and when he had occasioned them, it was to him doubly trying.

During the last weeks of his stay with us, when the time for leaving was fixed, in all his prayers with me, which were very frequent, his burden seemed to be that the Lord would comfort his dear parents when he was gone, and not let them be too sorry. He prayed in this way much more for us than for himself; and I believe the fear that we should suffer from his absence was more trying than anything he anticipated for himself; as he very properly said, "I shall see many new things, and my mind will be diverted, but you, mamma, will be always in the same place."

On his journey to Madras and during his stay there, which occupied little more than three weeks, he wrote me ten notes and letters. In one of them he says, "I wish much to know

how you feel, if you feel lonely in the evening, and how dear Joanna feels, and papa," &c. &c. To his sister Joanna, " You must be a good girl, and obey papa and mamma, and be kind to your little sister. Try to supply my place and yours as well as you can."

His affection for his sisters and care of them was very noticeable, by all who visited us ; and he did not regard it, when by way of ridicule he was sometimes called the little nurse. Their attachment to him was sufficient evidence of all this, for he was the moving spring of all their joys, when play hours allowed him to be with them; and you will not wonder that I had much pleasure in the anticipation of this attachment continuing when they should be removed from us to the land of our birth : and his judgment and discretion on common subjects such as their behavior, dress, food, &c., led us to hope that he would be very useful to them there.

His *purity of mind* was such as, in this polluted atmosphere, we could not too much prize. As is common and unavoidable here with children, however well they may be guarded, he

often heard language from the natives to which decent people of youthful or mature age in America are entire strangers, but I never knew or heard of his using either profane or filthy language. It was said by one of his favorite playmates, "Mamma, Charles W. loves to play as well as we do, but he never uses bad words; — though other children do so, I never heard *him*." This I attributed, in the first place, to his knowing that all such words and thoughts are sinful; and in the second place to his feeling that they are too mean and low to be practiced by one who wishes to do right.

With the domestics he was a universal favorite. The old woman especially who was his nurse feels as though she had lost the best friend she had on earth — many prayers did he early and late offer for her, and would make sacrifices for her comfort.

He was very considerate of her infirmities and wants, and often through his intercession obtained favors for her which she would not otherwise have obtained. He would remember to see if there was a cup of tea or coffee

left after supper, and give it her with his own hand; if she was ill he would ask if she wanted this or that, and was generally ready to share his fruit and many other things with her if he saw that she was not otherwise likely to have any. Towards the other domestics he was a medium of receiving favors; they generally applying to him to ask for them, and he almost always thought they particularly needed what they asked for, and ought to be gratified.

He was *obedient* — never that I recollect wilfully disobeying his parents, and his word was seldom if ever doubted. He was much impressed with the words, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it," and he meditated on them with a kind of horror. He knew that "liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." He saw many evils from lying in the people around him, and he also often thought of a maxim descended to him from his grandmother, "Never to do what you would be ashamed to be

seen doing." It was, therefore, when under the influence of these thoughts and feelings, less difficult for him to refrain from speaking falsely, than is the case with some children. The poor beggars were objects of his great compassion. For two years or more he was in the constant habit of accompanying me to give them rice &c., and to spend some time in giving them religious instruction. He often exhorted them to repent, &c. They were much affected on hearing of his death, and some of them made so much ado that I was obliged to forbid their coming to me, as I was not able to see and hear their expressions of grief. Indeed he seemed particularly desirous for some time to be useful to the heathen, and often admonished such as came to the house. One old woman (the mother of a schoolmaster) since his death has reminded me of a number of instances when, said she, "I stood by that door, or sat on the mat there, and he said, 'you must repent now, you are an old woman and will die soon, you must think of what Jesus Christ has said and done for you, and love him.'" The girls in the school also were often admonished, and exhorted by him ;—one

evening in particular they will never forget. It was during the last revival, when he was more serious than ever before, and himself thought he had accepted the terms of salvation. We were absent. He, after seeing the little ones asleep, proposed to have a meeting with the girls as mamma does; it being the evening I usually held a meeting with them, and he was generally present. He prayed and exhorted them, as they afterwards said, with earnestness and feeling such as they almost never witnessed. It was somewhat characteristic of him that he said nothing of it to us after our return, and we should not have known it but from others.

He had, at quite an early age, a good knowledge of Scripture history. Long before he could read himself, I commenced reading to him the Old Testament, omitting some portions, and explaining or simplifying the history so that he could understand it. His first reading for himself was to go on with what I had begun in connection with studying Emerson's Scripture catechism,—which indeed was scarcely a study, as he had the facts in his

mind from his reading,—and proceeding no further in it than he had read in the Scriptures. The Bible was in this way his most pleasant reading book, and he had the principal historical facts in the Old and New Testament treasured up in his mind, when he had read but little else — and any text of scripture that, in reading or otherwise, had conveyed a distinct thought to his mind, (and there were many such) was never forgotten, but often referred to and quoted in conversation. Indeed I never knew him to forget anything that he had once *distinctly understood*, and committing to memory what he did not understand was so much of a task that it was perhaps too seldom forced upon him. Hence his deficiency in the rules of Grammar, Arithmetic, and in spelling; while he had gone through with Colburn's Mental Arithmetic, and generally understood well the meaning of words, and used as correct language as most persons of good education.

His evenings were generally spent with me alone in reading and conversation, — when quite young till eight o'clock, and afterwards till nine and half past nine o'clock, — and these are the

seasons, on which more than all others my memory delights to dwell, when he gladly turned aside from the common amusements of children, and especially of boys, to sit down in a retired room with his mother, open his mind to her instruction, and into her bosom pour out all his heart. Here he confessed his sins and wept over them, and here I felt that I had an influence which no precepts nor threatenings could give me under other circumstances. He never seemed so happy, as at these seasons, and would, when by sickness or any other cause, we had been interrupted, lament that he could not enjoy our pleasant evenings, and ask, "When may we have those pleasant evenings again?"

He read principally at these times Rollin's Ancient History, Goldsmith's England, Robertson's America, a history of Ceylon, and some smaller histories, besides the Bible. He used to make frequent remarks upon what he read, and often anticipated what would be the result of this or that course, when pursued without the fear of God. Such books also as Chalmer's Sermons, and Watts' World to Come, he was particularly pleased with. The latter he read

a number of times. The Assembly's Catechism he did not begin to learn until able, with assistance, to understand it in a good degree; and had not gone quite through it when he left.

He was, for a considerable time, in the habit of taking notes of sermons,* which he heard, though he sometimes complained that he did not understand what was meant.

Sabbaths here are less interesting to children than they are at home. There is nothing imposing to the senses in our public worship, and there are no associations of children in Sunday Schools, except of the natives, as there; but Charles used generally, to attend to his private duties before breakfast, and after it repeat or sing, "Welcome sweet day of rest," &c., after which, and prayers, he would go with me to the Sunday School of girls until meeting time, and after meeting go to the poor beggars, of whom we have usually about fifty. After an hour with them, the intermission, until 4 o'clock-preaching, was spent in

* The sermons were all in Tamul, which, however, he understood and spoke as well as English.

study, (generally Judson's Questions) reading, and care of his sisters; and the evening with his papa was always pleasant, and I think very useful to his mind and heart.

In his seasons of more than usual seriousness, which towards the close of the time of his stay with us were frequent, he seemed aware of the danger that they might not be permanent, and with many tears used to pray that he might "not be suffered to grieve the Holy Spirit this time, as he had done before." It was his usual practice to pray alone in the morning, and with me in the evening after our reading a portion of Scripture together. On Sabbath evenings, he gave his Sunday lesson to his papa, after which "they had a season of prayer and religious conversation together, and we have often remarked that his prayers were the language of a mature Christian, sometimes very affecting to us, as well as seeming to proceed from an overflowing heart, in him. The burden of them was, that he might hate sin more and more, and be holy as Jesus was holy, and this with the strongest expressions of sorrow for sin, and longing to

be freed from it, and washed clean in the Saviour's blood. "There is a fountain filled with blood," &c. was a favorite hymn, to which he often alluded in his prayers.

The first time he expressed a decided hope to me, was, I think, when he had a severe attack of illness. I expressed a hope that he was decidedly better, but added, "It may be that God will send a severe sickness upon you, to make you feel that you are in danger of death, and lead you to prepare for it."

He immediately burst into tears and said, "Mamma, I am not afraid to die; I am sure God has not given me up." He was then too weak to say much in explanation of his feelings, but the simple fact that he was not afraid to die was some evidence of a change of heart; as *death* to children in this country, appears among the heathen only in the most forbidding forms.

Charles had heard much of the joys of heaven, and had not to my knowledge any unusual dread of death, except at times after having witnessed it in the heathen.

When about six years of age, one evening,

as he was riding with us, we passed a funeral pile, on which a body had been just laid, and a fire kindled. On our return, he expressed a desire to see it near, and his father went with him. The body was nearly half consumed, and the remaining half left quite exposed; as a strong wind was blowing the flames from it, Charles looked at it steadily without any remark, but his countenance, as he returned to the chaise, plainly showed that new and distressing thoughts were revolving in his mind. After his return home, there was none of his usual cheerfulness and he could not sleep after going to bed.

It was not for some time that the impression left his mind, and he ever after referred to the sight as the most horrid he had witnessed.

Once he saw people bringing a body to bury near our house, and this he did not think much of, as he had seen his own dear brothers and sisters laid in the grave. He therefore went out with a friend who was staying with us. The body was larger than the grave prepared for it, and as is often done here, after being laid partly in it, some one or more stepped in upon

the almost naked body, and crowded it down with their feet.

This was another shock to the dear boy's feelings, from which he did not soon recover, and especially as he was often reminded of both these scenes by the flames of the funeral pile, quite in view from our front door, and by the dead being constantly buried on both sides the road leading down from the house.

He had also frequent providential warnings that he was in constant danger of death, from the bite of serpents, as well as from sickness and other causes. At one time while he was lying asleep on the floor, with a pillow under his head, a beaver snake, which is considered very poisonous, came over the whole length of his body, went under his pillow, and then returned over his face. At another time, something falling from the roof into the chair where I was usually sitting at that hour, he ran to see, and as it was pretty dark thought it a stick of wood, and put out his hand to take hold of it, when it showed itself to be a serpent. At another time one fell from the roof on him.

He however seemed to think of his sins, as

much as of his exposure to danger and to sudden death. One evening I well recollect, when he was so affected with thinking of his sins and his danger, that be begged me to pray with him, and himself prayed alone and with me three or four times, appearing to feel that he could not go to bed till his sins were pardoned, and he had a new heart. Another time at a quarterly meeting, during the sermon he was so affected as to weep, which he seldom did, when he could be observed; and during the administration of the Lord's Supper, as he stood by me, put his hand behind my chair and sobbed and wept, and continued to to do so when we were at prayer, and nearly all the time afterwards. On inquiring afterwards why he did so, he said that he felt as he never did before, and he wanted to come also to the Lord's Supper. This desire he often afterwards expressed, and regularly atttended the meetings at the station which were held for inquirers, and those who wished to make a public profession of their faith in Christ. This was the more noticeable in him as he always avoided any unnecessary exhibition of his feel-

ings; many times dashing the tears from his eyes with his fingers, and turning his head away when he thought he might be observed.

I have thus, my dear, endeavored to comply with your request, as well as my time and circumstances will admit. I have found it hard work to go on with what affects me so much, and especially as I could do it so little to my satisfaction. If it affords our beloved mothers and brothers and sisters any pleasure, I shall feel recompensed, and only regret that I could do him no more justice.

There are a thousand things on which we can dwell with pleasure, that cannot be conveyed to others, and the more we think of our dear one of whom we hoped so much, the more thankful we are that we enjoyed him so long, that he was so pleasant, and I hope the more willing are we to have him just where he is, though ourselves and others are deprived of him.

The history of Charles, after having said farewell to his parents, at Oodooville, until his arrival in America, will be found in the following extracts from his letters and journals, written only for his parents' eye, and now published without alteration, from his artless transcripts.

Copy of a note addressed to his parents from Madras, (Written in pencil.)

My dear Parents,

The Star has not yet arrived, but I hope it will come soon, and I hope I shall soon get to America, and see my friends. I sometimes feel sorry, but then I hope that we may meet again in this world, but if not, I hope we all shall meet in the world to come, on the right hand of God. I still feel that I have given myself to God, and that he will take care of me on the ocean, and on the land, when I am alone and when I am in different circumstances than what I would be if I was at home. At certain times I feel a good deal, but still I hope that God will take care of me and you all.

Extracts from the Journal kept by Charles L. Winslow, on board the Ship Star, on his voyage to America, January 20th, 1832.

My dear Parents,

January 21, *Saturday.* — Last evening at eight o'clock Mr. Spaulding left me on board, and went on shore. We took up anchor, and sailed yesterday. As Mr. S. was with me, I did not feel much, and when he left me, I did not feel much, but now I feel the loss. This morning arrived at Pondicherry, where I wrote to you, and sent to Madras.

22, *Sabbath.*— This morning I felt very much, and thought a good deal about you. There has been no preaching nor prayers.

Yesterday afternoon we left Pondicherry. The work has gone on as common. I want to ask you if it is right to arrange things on board on Sunday.

23, *Monday.* — To-day we are in Lat. 8° 32′, and Long. 82°. Last night it began to rain, and it has rained till twelve this noon.

I have been unhappy to-day. This morning one of the sailors died, who was sick when Mr. Spaulding came on board. This afternoon they threw him overboard.

26, *Thursday.* — To-day we are in Lat. 1° 34′, Long. 81° 16′. It has not rained this morning, and it has been very pleasant. I still feel a good deal, but the Lord has comforted me. I wish there was a Christian on board, that I could follow the example of, but I pray to God to show me how to walk. I have gone on with my lessons to-day as common.

27, *Friday.*—This morning at eleven, we crossed the Equator at Long. 80° 35′. I have been rather unhappy to-day, and have thought a good deal about you.

29, *Sunday.*—We are in Lat. 2° 2′, Long. 79° 11′. I have been very unhappy to-day, but when I am, I go and pray, and am a little comforted. I studied my Judson's Questions, Catechism, and read the Bible a great deal, and I thought of you a good deal, especially when I thought you were in church, and wish I could be with you. They caught a fish to-day, which I am sorry to say.

30, *Monday.* — I have not been so unhappy to-day as I was yesterday, but I have thought of you, especially when I thought you were at prayers, because they do not have prayers here.

February 1, *Wednesday.*—We are in Lat. 7° 2′ Long. 80° 43′. It has been very pleasant to-day, and I have been happy, but I have thought of you. Mr. Brown, the mate, caught a Dolphin to-day. It is a beautiful fish. When it is in the water its back is all blue; but after it was caught, the blue turned into a gold color.

3, *Friday.*—Lat. 8° 20′, Long. 80°. I have thought of you a great deal to-day. I got all my lessons. It has been very hot, not much wind.

The serious thoughts that I had, I have still, and I love to read the Bible and pray very much—it seems to comfort me a great deal to pray.

7, *Tuesday.*—I have thought a good deal about you, my dear parents, but God has comforted me, and I hope he will comfort you. I know that you have sent me, intending it for

my good, and I hope God will qualify me to become a missionary.

8, *Wednesday.*—It has been pleasant to-day. I have thought a good deal of you to-day. When I think of you, I pray to God, and afterwards a thought comes into my mind that when God has placed me in such circumstances, why should I feel so? While I am praying I am comforted, and I hope the Lord hears my prayers and yours.

9, *Thursday.*—It has been very pleasant to-day, and I have got all my lessons, and begun a letter for you, my dear parents, in hopes of speaking a ship coming to Calcutta, or Madras, so you may know before you see my journal, which you may not for eight months or more.

Copy of a letter written on board the Ship Star, dated February 7th, 1832.

My dear Parents,

I commence a letter to you, in hopes of speaking a ship coming to Madras or Calcutta. We are now, by the blessing of God, in Lat. 17° 53′, and Long. 71° 16′. We have

had a great deal of rain thus far, but I hope we will not have any gales off the Isle of France. On January the 19th we heard of the arrival of the ship Star at Madras, and I was very glad to hear it. The next day we came on board. The next day was Friday, and in the evening at eight o'clock, Mr. Spaulding left us on board, and went ashore. At ten o'clock the same evening, we took up anchor, and sailed down to Pondicherry. The next morning at eight, we anchored at Pondicherry, and at eleven o'clock in the night, set sail again from Pondicherry. I felt very much on the next day, as it was Sunday, and I thought it was not kept as it ought to have been at sea, but I did not say anything about it. I was unhappy so for ten or twelve days; then the Lord comforted me.

January 11, 1832.—We are in Lat. 21° 12′ and Long. 68° 28′. I did not write yesterday, because it rained so much. I think of you a great deal, my dear parents and sisters, and ever remember you in my prayers, and I hope you do me. The serious thoughts that I had when I was with you have not left me, and I

sincerely hope I am a child of God, and he will take care of me, if I am; and as there is no one on board whose example I can follow, I have to be always on my guard against sin, especially on Sunday.

One of the passengers is, I see, very much against the missionaries: I never saw anybody so much against them as he is. He says they do no good at all, and that people will convince me so in America; but I hope they will not convince me.

14, *Tuesday.*—On Saturday evening, I thought a great deal of you, and the many pleasant evenings we had at home, but I know that the God that is with you is with me also. Four o'clock. Mr. Brown, the mate, has just fired at two tropic birds and killed them both, and swam after them and got them.

On Sunday morning, I thought of you and the pleasant time I, you and Joanna used to have, and I wished I could go to church with you.

In the morning after praying, I read the Bible till breakfast, which is at eight o'clock, then I studied my Judson's Questions, Cate-

chism and hymns, and at one o'clock dinner; then I read the Bible till supper at six in the evening; at eight go to bed. In this way, I have spent all my Sundays since I came on board. I think of you and dear sisters all the time, but I hope we shall all see each other again in this world. Will you please to send in the box of curiosities to me, a yam from my garden, as I have left mine at Madras, and my book of directions, for I feel the need of that very much, and some large shells, and some other curiosities for me or my friends in America? I dream every night about you, my dear parents and sisters. I have a comfortable place to sleep in, and good food to eat. I have been very well, and Henry too, though Henry has been very sea-sick, but I have not been. I want to tell you a great deal more, but I have not time enough. So once more farewell to you all. Please to give my love to the servants and girls, and kisses to sweet little sisters.

February 11, *Saturday.*—It has been very rainy ever since yesterday morning, and during the night there was a gale of wind,

but we have lost nothing. I thought a good deal of you, my dear parents and dear sisters, and ever remember you in my prayers.

14, *Tuesday.*—It was very pleasant to-day till noon, then it be began to rain as it did yesterday. Yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock, we crossed the tropic of Cancer. I thought of you this morning. Last night, I dreamed of being with you, but this morning I got up and found myself in a cabin.

17, *Friday.*—I have thought of you a great deal to-day, but the Lord has comforted me so far, and I hope we shall all meet again in this world, and I shall come to Jaffna as a missionary; but I hear a great deal against missionaries on board. I got all my lessons.

18, *Saturday.*—I have thought a good deal of you, my dear parents and dear sisters. I am very sorry now, that I did treat you all so badly, as I am afraid I did when I was with you, and it troubles me very much now, and I wish I could ask of you all pardon for behaving so to you. The Lord comforts me, and I hope you also. I wish I could be on

land, for I do not like the sea as well as I thought I would.

20, *Monday.*—I write for yesterday, as though I wrote on Sunday, but I do not write on Sunday, though all on board write their journals on Sunday, except I and Henry. It has been very pleasant to-day, and fair wind.

22, *Wednesday.*—Lat. 27° 20′, Long. 46° 16′. This is General Washington's birth-day, and Mr. Allen fired his own double-barrelled gun with corks in the barrels, which were left in by accident by himself; but it was wonderful indeed they did not burst.

When Mr. Allen fired his gun, he said, "General Washington;—first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

I know when sister Joanna's birthday comes; I do not remember when it is, but I think on the 25th of this month, and sister Harriet's on the 29th of April.

25, *Saturday.*—It has been very pleasant this morning. I remember you in my prayers, and I hope you do me, and I hope the Lord hears mine, and your prayers. I hope I shall come to Jaffna as a missionary one of these days.

26, *Sunday.*—We have had brisk breezes from W. S. W., very high sea—brought down the fore and mizzen royal masts. I have never been in such a condition before.

27, *Monday.*—It has been very pleasant to-day. We are now about 90 miles from land, but do not see it, though I hope to see it before next Monday.

29, *Wednesday.*—It has been very pleasant to-day. The Dr. went up to the mast head, and sung out, *Land!* To-day also saw land only 45 miles off. We saw 4 or 5 large whales—one would lift up his head another his tail. They were a little distance from the ship.

March 1,—*Thursday.* It was pleasant this morning until 11 o'clock, then it began to blow strong and rain for an hour, then it stopped, and now, 2 o'clock, it is very pleasant indeed.

2, *Friday.*—I think a great deal of you, but the Lord comforts me, and I hope you also. I do hope I shall come back as a missionary to the poor natives of the country where I was born.

3, *Saturday.*—Very pleasant to-day, and this morning saw a ship, and at 10 o'clock saw another. I was very glad to see the ships, though we did not go near enough to speak them. I got all my lessons to-day.

4, *Sunday.*—My dear and affectionate parents, sisters, and all other friends, I hope I shall see you all in this world, if not, I hope in the world to come.

5, *Monday.*—Lat. 35° 30′, Long. 21° 49′. It has been blowing so hard that we have been obliged to lay to, under close reefed main-top-sail and spencers for 19 hours together. The vessel rocks a great deal, so I can hardly write.

6, *Tuesday.*—It has been unpleasant to-day, and quite warm. This morning the Doctor fished, and caught three most beautiful and delicious fishes. When they were caught, they were of a gold color, and blue streaks on their backs.

8, *Thursday.*—It has been very pleasant to-day. This morning we saw land indistinctly, but now at 2 o'clock see it very plain. It is Bluff Point, bearing N. N. E. of us by

compass. I am very glad to see land, but I would be more glad if I was on it.

9, *Friday.*—It has been very pleasant to-day. We now see two sails in sight, and I hope we shall speak them. I like very much to see ships at sea. I want very much to see you all, and I feel very home-sick. I think of you always in my prayers.

10, *Saturday.*—This morning at 6 o'clock, we saw a brig. I think a great deal of you, perhaps too much. O I wish I could be on land, or with you. I love very much to read the Bible, and pray to God. He comforts me, and I hope you too.

13, *Tuesday.*—Pleasant to-day, but no wind scarcely, until just now, a little breeze has sprung up. I long to see the land of my fathers—it does seem a very short time since I left you—but 't is now 77 days.

17, *Saturday.*—The days seem short. But what is life? it is but a vapor that appeareth for a little while, and then vanishes away. Do pray that I may be prepared for death when it comes.

19, *Monday.*—Pleasanter to-day, but no

wind ; so we do not go at all. I like very much to see the ship going along. I am very comfortable here, but there is no retired place where I could go and read the Bible, and pray quietly. I think often, how I used to come in your room and pray.

22, *Thursday.*—At 8 P. M. crossed the meridian at the Longitude of Greenwich. We are now, by the blessing of God, in West Longitude, and I hope before long to be in the land of my fathers. Do pray daily for me.

23, *Friday.*—We are now at the distance of 90 miles from St. Helena. I got no lessons to-day, for, as it is the Doctor's birth-day, he said we need not get lessons.

24, *Saturday.*—Early this morning saw St. Helena bearing E. by N.; distance about 14 miles. St. Helena lies in S. Lat. 15° 55′, West Long. 5° 49′, is 10½ miles long, and 6½ broad. This was the place where Buonaparte was before he died, and where he was buried when he died.

26, *Monday.*—Pleasant weather, and delightful breeze. Course N. W. On Saturday I drew a sketch of St. Helena, and pasted in

this book. I will draw a sketch of Bluff Point from the Dr.'s, which he drew.

29, *Thursday.*—Very pleasant weather. This morning Mr. Pereson gave me a little flying-fish, which I put in a bottle to keep.

30, *Friday.*—I often read this verse; "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I ever remember you in my prayers.

31, *Saturday.*—I saw a great many flying fish to-day. This month of March seems to have passed away very soon. What is life?

April 1, *Sunday.*—Very pleasant weather, and moderate trades at S. E., course N. W. ½ W. I get my Assembly's Catechism, and a hymn out of the Village Hymns, and read the Bible and pious Magazines, or any other book fit to read on the Sabbath.

7, *Saturday.*—At 11 P. M. crossed the Equator.

8, *Sunday.*—I got my catechism, and learnt a hymn, and read in the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress. I have felt very happy to-day, and hope I shall be in America before long, and I hope I shall come back to Jaffna as a missionary.

15, *Sunday.*—I saw some sea-weed to-day, and to-morrow I hope to see more of it.

16, *Monday.*—To-day we saw a great deal more, and caught some, in which we found some small fish, and the Dr. says, there are also crabs in them. We saw some porpoises, and tried to catch some.

28, *Saturday.*—Lat. 30° 31′, Long. 72°. To-day 3 sails. The Brig which we spoke yesterday, was from Santa Cruz, bound to New York, fifteen days out. Her fore and main top-mast, was carried away by a squally spell, 10 days ago. She was overtaken by us.

May 2, *Wednesday.*—Saw 15 sails, and at one o'clock took a pilot.

Copy of a note addressed to his Parents without date, but written at sea.

My dear Mamma,

I want to tell you something about myself. I have a comfortable place to sleep, but it is so hot that it is very difficult to sleep. I hope I am a child of God; so I do not fear being on

the sea, as I think I would, if I thought I was not the child of God. I think a great deal of you and papa, and dear sisters, and other friends in Jaffna, but the Lord comforts me and I hope he comforts you, and my other friends. I do hope we shall all meet in this world. Do not feel anxious about my health, for I am very well, and have been very well since I left you, except a little turn I had at Mr. Carver's. I ever remember you in my prayers, and I love very much to pray, and it seems to comfort me. I am afraid I hurt your feelings very much, and troubled you by my behaving so badly two or three days before I left you; but do forgive me, for it falls now upon me as a great stone. I am very much troubled on your account, but do tell me when you write, if you have forgiven me for behaving so to you, especially just before leaving you. Ask sister Joanna if she has forgiven me for treating her so badly sometimes. Tell her I have forgiven her. Do send the book of directions as soon as you can, for I want it very much. Tell me about Carlo and my garden, and how things come

on after I left you, and how you, papa, and sisters say and feel, and what Archie* feels, and all the rest.

Philadelphia, May 5, 1832.

MY DEAR PARENTS,

By the mercy of God, I have safely arrived at Philadelphia. I left the ship yesterday afternoon with Mr. Allen to go to his house.

6, *Sunday.* — To-day went to Mr. R.'s house, and went to church with him in the morning, and in the afternoon went with him to the Orphan Asylum were Mr. White preached.

8, *Tuesday.* — This morning and afternoon I walked out, and looked about the city, and went into the United States Bank, and into the mint, where the money is made.

9. This morning I went down to the ship and brought our baggage ashore to Mr. Foster's boarding-house, and in the afternoon went to Fair Mount with Mr. Allen. 'T is a beautiful place, and a river runs there, and from that the whole of Philadelphia is supplied

* His old Nurse

with water, thrown by a large machine into large iron pipes which run under ground.

10. Went to Mr. Ralston's son's house and spent the morning, and in the afternoon went with Mr. Ralston's grandson to play in the river.

11. This morning went to the Museum, and I saw so many things that I can hardly tell you what I saw. There were very pretty birds and animals stuffed. There was the skeleton of a mammoth, and an elephant, rhinoceros, tiger and lion, stuffed.

12. This morning Mr. R.'s grandson, Henry, and I went to see the ouran outang alive. Afterwards at 12 o'clock went in the steam-boat with Dr. G. as far as Trenton, and from thence in a stage to Dr. M.'s in Princeton, to spend the Sabbath.

13. To-day I went to church with Dr. M. I learned the whole of the last chapter of Mark, and read the pious Magazines of children.

14. I came with Dr. B. in a stage as far as New Brunswick, and from thence in a steam-boat to New York, and here I saw, for the first time, aunts C. and F., and uncle M.

The remainder of Charles' earthly history is very brief. His affectionate relatives had scarcely welcomed him to their hearts, when they were called to part with him to meet again, only where 'death-divided friends' will meet to part no more. The following extracts furnish the affecting details of the closing scene.

From the N. Y. Observer.

It is our melancholy duty to announce that Charles L. Winslow, only son of Rev. Miron W. missionary at Ceylon, died in this city on Thursday of last week, at the residence of Rev. Wm. A. Hallock, aged 11 years. He had just arrived in this country, having come hither for the purpose of receiving an education, in the hope of returning as a missionary to India, and was one of about 70, who obtained a hope in Christ during the late revival of religion, at those mission stations.

In conversation with his friends, after his arrival, he spoke of the condition of the heathen with much feeling, and of his desire to return and preach the gospel to them. Three

days previous to his death, he was asked if he loved to think of portions of Scripture, while he lay upon his bed? He replied, "yes, but prayer is my greatest comfort — several texts of Scripture were repeated to him, when he added this, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Do you think, Charles, there is much wickedness in your heart? "Yes, a great deal." Does it ever distress you to find so much there, that is displeasing to God? "Yes, very often." What do you do, Charles, when you feel troubled about your wicked heart? His laconic reply was, "Prayer is the only thing." The next day, a few hours before he became unconscious, he said, "I think the Lord seems to comfort me very much."

The following is extracted from the letter of an affectionate relative, who was present at the closing scene.

He arrived in New York, Monday evening, May 14. Was apparently in fine health,

and seemed very happy in being with his relatives in America. He almost immediately inquired about his grandparents, and for a little cousin whom he expected to find in New York, and on hearing that his grandfather Winslow, and his aunt Hallock's baby had both died since he had heard from them, he was much affected.

When asked if he thought he had given his heart to Christ, his eyes glistened with emotion, as he modestly replied, "I hope I have."

The day after his arrival, he unpacked his trunks, exhibited his curiosities, distributed his little presents, and then replaced his clothes, &c. with perfect neatness and order, and the care which he took of *all* his little possessions was remarkable for a child of 11 years.

He was constantly cheerful and happy, conversed of his parents and sisters with much tenderness, frequently with tears; of his plans and prospects for the future with uncommon judgment, and of the moral condition of the heathen, with deep feeling. Once when conversing on this subject he said, "Aunt, what

I wish *most of all* is, to be prepared to be a *missionary* to Jaffna.

May 18, *Saturday.*—He visited Mrs. Perit, and seemed in his usual health and spirits, till towards evening, when one of our cold, spring storms commenced. Charles appeared to feel the change in the weather, and said he never was so cold. This was of course attributed to his having been accustomed to a tropical climate, and a fire was made on his account. On his return home, he complained of headache, and wished to go to rest. Sabbath morning he was rather inclined to sleep, though he said his head was better. He remained at home with his uncle H——, and slept much during the day, but at evening appeared brighter and conversed with his usual animation. Brother and sister Hallock sat with him two hours, talking with him of his own spiritual state, his plans for future usefulness, the state of the heathen, his parents, the mission, &c., and were much gratified with what they learned of his religious feelings, and the evidence he gave of being truly a child of God.

On Monday, our physician found him feverish, though he was animated and cheerful, so much so, that a friend who called to see him remarked, he was so pleasant, she could scarcely leave him.

His conversation that evening you have in the article which you copied from the New York Observer. He had a restless night, and early in the morning I went to his bed-side, when he said very pleasantly, "*I think, aunt, the Lord seems to comfort me very much.*" Soon after, his mind seemed rather wandering, and during the forenoon, he called Mrs. Hallock mamma, and sometimes imagined his sisters to be present. Dr. Bliss, who had called early in the morning, called again and bled him, which afforded some relief for a time.

About 2 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Eastman, (who had been spending a few days with us, and who was about leaving the city,) came in to bid him good-bye, but it was some time before Charles recognized him. Rev. Mr. Anderson called about 4 o'clock. Charles replied to his questions in monosyllables, but did not appear to understand what he said. About 8, dear

mother arrived, when we attempted to rouse him and make him understand who she was. He opened his eyes, but not in consciousness, and was instantly in convulsions, and did not speak afterwards. He had talked much of his grandmother, and it was exceedingly afflicting that she should arrive only in time to see him in such circumstances.

Mr. Anderson, Mr. Ludlow, and several other friends called on Wednesday, and united with us in prayer for him and his dear parents; but the dear boy lay apparently unconscious of what was passing.

Three physicians visited him constantly; but all that medical skill and the watchfulness and attentions of friends could do, was in vain. The same fatherly hand that had protected him on the voyage, and brought him to us in safety, was now stretched out to take him *home*, and the ransomed spirit could not be detained by his earthly friends. Thursday evening, as we were standing around his bed, the "*Dying Christian*" was sung, after which we united in commending his departing spirit into the hands of his Redeemer. During

prayer he turned his eyes upward, and a sweet smile stole over his features, which gave to his countenance an expression of peace and loveliness, which is indescribable. In about 20 minutes, as we were singing the "Dying Christian" a second time, he fell asleep in Jesus, at 10 o'clock, May 24, aged 11 years 4 months and 13 days. The circumstances of his death, rendered this a peculiarly interesting scene. We felt that not only was a promising boy taken from his parents and friends, but a *young missionary* was called from the service of the church on earth, to a higher and perfect service in heaven." C. H. L.

END OF LIFE.

With what words can we better close this little narrative of early piety and bright promise, — called so early from the world, than with the beautiful words of the truly Christian poet, suggested by the words of the Saviour, to his wondering disciples — "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter?"

Jesus, we own thy sovereign hand,
Thy faithful care we own;
Wisdom and love are all thy ways,
When most to us unknown.

By thee the springs of life were formed,
And by thy breath are broke,
And good is every awful word
Our gracious Lord hath spoke.

To thee we yield our comforts up,
To thee our lives resign;
In straits and dangers rich and safe,
If we and ours are thine.

Thy saints in earlier life removed,
In sweeter accents sing;
And bless the swiftness of their flight,
That bore them to their King.

The burthens of a lengthened day
With patience we would bear,
Till evening's welcome hour shall show
We were our Master's care.

APPENDIX.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES L. WINSLOW.

A bird came o'er the ocean,
  From the far-off tropic isles,
Where, fanned by the palm-tree's motion,
  Perennial summer smiles, —
It had heard salvation's story,
  In its own dear native bowers,
And sought for its brighter glory
  In this blessed clime of ours.

It came with wing of gladness,
  With carol fresh and free,
But there breathed a dirge of sadness,
  Sweet stranger-bird! for thee.
For thee was a welcome greeting,
  Where the pilgrim's ashes rest,
But thy heart had ceased its beating,
  And the turf lay on thy breast.

Thy dove-like pinion soaring
  O'er the waves of a world of sin,
Turn'd to God's ark imploring, —
  A pierc'd hand drew it in ; —
Where tempest ne'er hath striven,
  Where discord's reign is o'er,
Thou dost learn the song of heaven,
  And wilt stoop to earth no more.

Where Ceylon's flowrets sleeping
  By spicy gales are stirr'd,
There 's the voice of bitter weeping
  In the home of that cherish'd bird,
There are sister nurslings crying
  For a brother's tuneful tone,
While the citron groves are sighing,
  Responsive to their moan.

Oh ye, who broken-hearted,
  Pour forth the parent's tear,
Who from your loved land parted
  For the cause of a Saviour dear,
Who toiled where error flourish'd,
  With a faith no cloud can dim,
Is it strange that the bird ye nourish'd
  Hath taken its flight to Him? L. H. S.

BRIEF NOTICES OF THE GRANDFATHERS AND PARENTS OF CHARLES L. WINSLOW.

NATHANIEL WINSLOW.

Mr. Nathaniel Winslow, father of Rev. Miron Winslow, Missionary in Ceylon, was born in Salisbury, Conn., whither his father emigrated from this part of Massachusetts, and descended from a line of unbroken pious ancestry, extending back to the time the pilgrims landed in Plymouth. At an early age his mind and heart became possessed of the principles of evangelical religion, as embraced by his ancestors, and inculcated in the instructions, prayers and example of a devotedly pious father. He made early profession of his Christian faith, the fruits of which were evinced in a subsequent Christian character, eminently pure, uniform and consistent. The sanctification of the Sabbath commencing with the shades of Saturday evening, daily morning and evening family devotions, and family religious instruction, public and social

religious worship, and all other institutions and duties of Christianity, were ever observed and enjoined by him with the same uniform and conscientious fidelity which characterized the piety of the pilgrim fathers.

The latter part of his life was principally devoted to agricultural pursuits. A considerable part of his earlier life was devoted to teaching, and many of his pupils are still living, in various parts of the country, who cherish a grateful remembrance of his faithful and affectionate instructions. In his own family, his "doctrine dropped as the rain, and his speech distilled as the dew." Possessing a delicate and uniform constitution, and a retiring and domestic disposition, he was seldom from home, except when necessity demanded, but devoted his leisure time to reading, and to the intellectual and religious instruction of his children. Both by his precept and example he inculcated, in an eminent degree, the great Christian sentiment, that an idolatrous love of the world is exceedingly base as well as sinful, infinitely beneath the proper dignity of a rational and immortal soul on its way to God. It is questionable whether he was ever known to express in any way to his children a desire that they should become possessed of wealth and worldly distinction; but thousands of times has

he earnestly prayed with them and for them, that they might be saved from those snares, and give their undivided hearts to the great concerns of the soul, religion, eternity. "On a certain occasion," said his pastor in his funeral sermon, "a child of his overheard a voice of prayer in a place of retirement, and on listening, perceived it to be the voice of his father praying for him. On hearing a father's prayer offered in secret for him, that the Holy Spirit might renew his heart, make him willing to renounce the world, and become an instrument of promoting the Redeemer's kingdom in the salvation of men, he became immediately serious, found no peace till he believed in Christ, and is now a minister of the gospel."*

He cherished a very deep interest in all the religious societies and enterprises of the day, which are preparing the way for the millennial glory, and according to his ability, and often even beyond his ability, as most Christians would judge, contributed to their support. Disappointments, loss of property, bodily infirmity, and severe sickness, of which an uncommon share fell to his lot, never seemed to disturb the Christian serenity of his soul. He practically regarded them as

* All his three sons are in the ministry, and his four daughters are members of a Christian church.

"light afflictions, which are but for a moment." A few weeks previous to his death, a cloud seemed to settle on his mind, and for a season he nearly relinquished his Christian hope. It was occasioned by a zealous inspection of his past "unfaithfulness," as he expressed it, "in a near prospect of eternity." But the cloud passed away; light from heaven again shone; he beheld a forgiving and smiling God in the face of Jesus Christ; and having commended himself, his family, his distant children, and all the dear interests of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world to God, still sitting erect in his chair, he folded his hands, closed his eyes, and with a gradually retiring breath, ceased from time without a groan or struggle, and entered upon the everlasting rest which remains to the children of God. Mr. W. died in Williston, Vt., April 30, 1832, aged 70.

CHARLES LATHROP, Esq.

"The end of that man is peace."

Charles Lathrop, Esq., having received a public education, and entered on the profession of Law, was brought soon after cordially to embrace the gospel of Christ. He was long a spiritual guide and example to his own house-

hold, and a pillar in the church; the supporter of her institutions, her social meetings for prayer, her Sabbath Schools, Missions, and other benevolent operations. At length he was seized with a gradual decline, and near the close of his 61st year it became apparent that his end was at hand.

His faith had been tried by following to the grave his first-born son, in the prime of life, just as he was completing his college course, preparatory to the Gospel Ministry; and by soon after committing his eldest daughter to the ship that bore her from his sight forever, as a missionary to the distant heathen: he knew not how they would be provided for, whom he was about to leave a widow and fatherless; he saw his own great change approaching, and had no hope but in the mercy of God—yet a heavenly calm pervaded his mind, and he submissively awaited his Father's will.

While he felt the necessity of being himself prepared for the summons, whenever it might come, he was almost equally solicitous to prepare the minds of his family for the event. He cheered and comforted them by conversing with them familiarly on the subject of his departure; counselled them in respect to their worldly concerns; desired them not to incur expense for mourning

*8

apparel, nor for anything unnecessary to his decent burial; and arranged all his business as he desired to leave it.

He had lived to witness two events, in relation to each of which he felt constrained to adopt the words of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The first was the saving conversion, as he trusted, of all his seven surviving children, and their union with the church; the other a revival of religion, after a long season of spiritual declension, over which he had not ceased to mourn, in which seventy were added to the church with which he was connected, embracing sixteen teachers and six pupils from his beloved Sabbath School.

He often alluded to the former blessing as probably in answer to the prayers of missionary and other Christian friends, whom the giving up of his daughter for the heathen had brought frequently under his roof. Among these friends was the Rev. Pliny Fisk, late Missionary to Palestine, whose visit was made soon after his daughter's departure. He had preached on the Sabbath and attended a crowded religious meeting at Mr. L.'s, both on Sabbath and on Monday evenings. Their interview had been eminently spiritual and full of desire for the conversion of

the heathen, and the honor of Christ. On the following morning, after family worship, a little family religious meeting was held, as they were about to separate. Mr. Fisk, in prayer, seemed to plead with strong faith for spiritual blessings on the family; and as he bade them farewell, taking Mr. L. by the hand, he said, "The Lord bless you," and then, with a renewed and ardent grasp, added, as if with much assurance, "He *will* bless you — yes, he *will* bless you." The words sunk into the heart of Mr. L., and when, near ten years after, he had evidence of the conversion of all his children by the Holy Spirit, he would relate the anecdote to Christian friends, and add, with eyes filled with tears, and words struggling for utterance, "Yes, and he *has* blessed us. We *all* hope in his mercy."

To a daughter who looked anxiously upon him, during a distressing season, when his difficulty of respiration threatened an immediate departure, he said, "Do not look sad. I trust you have no occasion to sorrow on my account. I am sorry to leave you so; but I am comforted that I leave you all with such a hope. This is a source of unspeakable consolation to me."

At the close of this day his aged pastor expressed to him the support he had derived from his persevering efforts, especially in the Sabbath

School, and in sustaining their prayer-meetings when the state of religion was low. Mr. L., with his usual diffidence, expressed the fear that he had done very little good, and added, as he often did on such occasions, that if any good had been done, it *was not himself*, but solely of the power and mercy of God.

Soon after he said, "I have no hope from anything I have done, or can do; all my hope is in Christ."

On another occasion he said, "I have not those great spiritual joys which some have: but I *have* a comfortable hope. I am one of those who believe that there is no man that liveth and sinneth not — that in all things we come short, and in most things offend altogether; and that it is only through the righteousness of Christ we can find any acceptance with God."

More than once, when speaking in his family of the progress of his disease, he was heard to subjoin, "But why should a living man complain: a man for the punishment of his sins?"

Being asked what message he would send to his daughter in India, he said, "Tell her the time of my departure is very near. Tell her I die with a comfortable hope — hoping to meet her before long, where there is no more parting and sorrow: I hope to meet you *all* there."

Soon after, his little grandson said to him, "Grandpa, Aunt is crying." "Aunt must not cry," he replied, "she must be satisfied that what God does is best."

Speaking of not resting so well for several nights as he had previously, he said, "Wearisome nights are appointed unto me; but the Lord doeth all things well, and in infinite loving kindness to those that put their trust in him."

His last conversation, a few moments before his death, was with his minister, who, having led in prayer for divine support in the hour of trial, said to him, "I suppose it does not alarm you to have the subject of death mentioned." "O no, Sir," he replied, "not at all." "What a blessed thing it will be," added his minister, "if any of us ever get to heaven." "Yes," said Mr. L., "it will be blessed, with respect to the change which will be wrought in us, and with respect to the society and employments of heaven. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for them that love him;'" and added, "The blessedness and glories of heaven are such as we can can form no conception of here."

He soon peacefully closed his eyes, (Jan. 17, 1831,) and entered into those joys, which his

tongue had just been laboring in weakness to describe.

MIRON WINSLOW.

From the "Memoirs of American Missionaries."

Miron Winslow was born in Williston, near Burlington, Vt., in December, 1789. His parents, both of whom are now dead, were Nathaniel and Anna Winslow, the former a native of Salisbury, Conn., and the latter of Sheffield, Mass. His mother was a daughter of Josiah Kellogg, Esq., of Sheffield, Mass. Both of his parents were pious, and they consecrated him to God in baptism. He was a subject of serious impressions from his childhood. He was educated for a merchant, and at the age of fourteen entered a store as clerk, in which he continued till twenty-one, when he entered into business for himself, in Norwich, Conn., in which he continued successfully two years. During the latter part of the first year, his mind became increasingly serious; and at length he was brought to rejoice in the liberty of Christ. From that time he felt a strong desire to preach the gospel, and to preach it to the gentile nations sitting in dark-

ness. In his very first letter to his parents announcing his conversion, he expressed a desire, and a strong conviction of duty, to renounce his worldly prospects, and give himself to the heathen in the service of Jesus Christ; saying, that although his worldly prospects were good, he counted it no sacrifice to relinquish them for Christ; and that as the heathen nations were without light, and none seemed to care for them, he felt it to be *his* duty to devote himself to them. As his previous education had been thorough, and his reading extensive, after studying a year and a half, he was qualified to enter college two years in advance. He commenced his preparation for college while yet pursuing his mercantile business; nor was he able to bring it to an entire close, till he was nearly or quite through college. He entered Middlebury College in 1813, and was graduated in 1815. He also subsequently spent some time in New Haven, and took a Master's degree at Yale College, in 1818. In January, 1816, he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, and completed the course at that Institution in the autumn of 1818. He employed the last vacation of his junior year, and the two vacations of his senior year, in travelling as an agent to collect funds for Foreign Missions. In

these periods he travelled through most of New England, and was very successful. He also wrote his History of Missions in his senior year, and the subsequent Autumn. On the 4th of November, 1818, he was ordained as a Missionary, in the Tabernacle Church, in Salem, Mass., together with Messrs. Fisk, Spaulding, and Woodward. The sermon was preached by Professor Stuart of Andover. He married Miss Harriet Lathrop of Norwich, Conn., eldest daughter of Charles Lathrop, Esq., since deceased. On the 8th of June, 1819, he embarked at Boston for Calcutta, in company with Messrs. Spaulding, Woodward, and Scudder, and their wives. They arrived at Calcutta after a voyage of about five months; and thence embarked for Ceylon, where they have since labored.

Mr. Winslow's station has been at Oodooville, where he has diligently labored for the education of the natives. That the exertions of our Missionaries in Ceylon have not been altogether in vain, is shown by the fact, that there are now 836 scholars in the different schools of this station, 678 males, and 158 females; and 49 native members of the Mission church. The congregation on Sabbath mornings, is from four to five hundred, and fills the church. From seventy to

eighty are adults, and from twenty to twenty-five are women. The afternoon congregation, consists of the female and English schools, and from twenty to thirty adults.

MRS. HARRIET L. WINSLOW.

From the N. Y. Observer.

The Oriental Christian Spectator for March contains an obituary notice of Mrs. Winslow, from which we copy the following:

Died on the 14th of January, at Jaffna, Ceylon, Mrs. Harriet Lathrop, wife of the Rev. Miron Winslow, of the American Mission. Mrs. W. was the eldest daughter of the late Charles Lathrop, Esq. of Norwich, Conn., where she was born April 9, 1796. At a time of general religious declension in her native place, and when few young persons in the vicinity paid any serious regard to the concerns of their souls, Miss L. solemnly devoted herself to the service of God; and at the age of 12 years was received to the visible church. She was early actuated by a strong desire for usefulness, and originated a Sunday School in her native town, when such an institution was scarcely known, in that part

of the country. This school, though much opposed, gradually flourished, and Miss L. superintended it until she finally left home. She also formed and taught a Bible class, for adult people of color, some of whom, under her instruction, became hopefully pious. A sewing Society, for the benefit of widows, was likewise formed, and kept in most useful operation; principally by her exertions. Day after day, and week after week, sometimes in very inclement weather, was she employed in visits of charity to the poor, in their own houses, or in going to the public Alms-house to instruct those of her own sex there. In the general distribution of religious tracts, she also took an early and active part. Her compassion had often been excited for the Heathen, "having no hope and without God in the world," and she had done what she could for the cause of missions; but it was not until after her acquaintance with her subsequent husband that she considered the question of her *personal* duty to them. Almost simultaneously with him, — though he was then pursuing his theological studies in the Seminary at Andover — she examined this question, and came to a result most satisfactory to her own mind, but most trying to many of her family friends, to whom she was greatly endeared, and

who could with difficulty entertain the thought of thus parting with her. Her parents, however, at length gave her up cheerfully, and a little more than two years after this decision, she was married to Mr. W., and in June, 1819, with him and other beloved associates in the mission, left her native land for Ceylon. In this distant spot she was permitted, though often in ill health, to labor zealously and usefully *thirteen* years, and at length to lay down her life among those to whose care she had devoted herself. As, for several years, she had the charge of the Female Charity Boarding School, she had the pleasure of doing much for the benefit of her own sex, and to see most pleasing fruits of her exertions. Many from among them will hereafter "rise up and call her blessed."

The following extract of a letter from the mission, will serve to show in what estimation Mrs. W. was held by her associates; and close this brief notice of departed worth.

"Our dear sister Winslow has been called suddenly, but to herself at least not unexpectedly, to put off this mortal, and put on immortality. She was, we believe, ready and waiting. In anticipation of her confinement, concerning the result cf which she had, for no apparent reason, been

uncommonly doubtful, she had most literally 'set her house in order,' much as she would have done had she known that death was thus near, and that on its approach she should be, as she was, wholly insensible, and unable so much as to give any one a last farewell. All the concerns of the Boarding School as well as the affairs of her household, and of the station, as far as under her management, were arranged in the most careful manner, and written directions left concerning them, as well as concerning her children, with a farewell to her husband. Nor was her soul neglected. She had laid up fresh provision for passing over Jordan. For several years, more particularly from the time of her long illness in 1825, which occasioned a voyage to Calcutta, and the fruit in part no doubt of that illness, and of successive bereavements of much loved children, she had evidently been ripening for heaven. Her last trial, in the death of her first-born and only son, soon after his arrival in America, of which intelligence was received a little more than three months before her decease, appeared in a very special manner to be sanctified to her good. This affliction, by weaning her more from the world — by making the Bible and a throne of grace more precious — by caus-

ing her to look to the compassionate Saviour with more steady faith, and to appropriate to herself more than ever before the precious promises of his word, so changed the current of her religious feelings, and so carried them upwards, that she often thought and spoke of them as almost entirely new, as though she had just begun to understand what is meant by being united to Christ, "even as the branch is united to the vine." She was at this time much occupied in reading the Memoirs of Isabella Campbell, and Mrs. Graham, and comparing their experience with the Scriptures; and the result was that the "life of faith," as exhibited by these favored disciples of the Spirit, is the substance of Christianity. Their views of the Saviour became in a good degree her own, and she grew 'strong in faith, giving glory to God.'

"On Saturday evening, the 12th of January, she recorded at some length, in her private diary, her sense of the goodness of God in her late affliction — her thankfulness for the fruits of it — and her last petition for herself, and her beloved husband and her children, committing all cheerfully to the Lord. She was interrupted, and did not finish her requests for the school, the station, and the brethren and the sisters of the

mission, as from other circumstances, it is evident, were in her heart; but she showed in all a most pleasing preparation for her departure; and that her affections were more in heaven than on earth.

"On Sabbath noon, after having attended church, she renewed a written dedication of herself to the Lord, made when she was about *eleven* years old; and often afterwards repeated. *This was her last record.* Before the afternoon service in the church, which, though somewhat ill, she also attended; she listened with much interest to part of a sermon on the means of growth in grace, by Dr. Alexander, in the National Preacher, and was particularly pleased with his description of the Christian in the last stage of his progress, when, much employed in heavenly meditation, he is waiting in peace 'till his change come.'

"At evening she was at family prayers, as usual, and appeared to enjoy the reading of the 46th Psalm, and the remarks made upon it in reference to the safety of Christians in this time of calamity — when, from the prevalence of cholera, death is on every side, — and after prayers heard the Scripture lessons, and directed the devotions of her little children. About 9 o'clock, she com-

plained of some uneasy and uncommon sensations in her breast, which led to the use of an anodyne. This quieted her for a time, but the distress returning, and it being probable she would be confined before many hours, Dr Scudder and Mrs. Spaulding were sent for. Both came before 2 o'clock; and Dr. S. immediately bled her. This, with vomiting soon after, seemed to give entire relief. She then took a cup of coffee, said she felt quite at ease, and very thankful; and insisting on those who were with her going to rest, she bade her husband also good night, and fell quietly asleep. This was probably the last she knew on earth. After a short time Mrs. S., who was with her, noticed a peculiarity in her breathing, and attempted to wake her, but could not succeed. She then called Dr. S. and Mr. W., but as there appeared to be nothing alarming, as her sleep was quiet and pulse regular, they again left the room, to be soon called back, however, to witness some slight convulsive motions of the eyes and face. These were followed, after a little time, by a severe fit. Every exertion was then made by Dr. S. to prevent its recurrence, but in vain; and after a forced labor, to which the patient was wholly insensible, her breath grew shorter and shorter,

and a little before 6 o'clock on Monday morning, the 14th inst., without a struggle, or a groan, with her eyes closed, she ceased to breathe.

"The funeral was attended the evening of the same day by all our number, and by our missionary friends in Jaffna. The mother and babe were inclosed in the same coffin, and buried in the Oodooville church; amidst the tears not only of the immediate mourners, but of the bereaved children of the School — the native members of our churches — and of many people around, who could not but feel their loss.

"The following week on Thursday, being the time of our quarterly Communion at Oodooville, a funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Poor from the text; 'And his disciples came, and took up the body and buried it and went and told Jesus;' in which he described the deceased as like John, 'a burning and a shining light.' This description, though it made us weep the more for our loss, and for the loss of the natives around us, caused us also to rejoice for the grace conferred on our departed sister, while here below, and for our assurance of her now enjoying the unveiled presence and glory of her Saviour, in the 'bright world above.'"

An extract of a letter from the bereaved husband, which was published in the Missionary Herald for September 1833, is here added, to conclude the Obituary.

"She was much occupied on Saturday, and in the evening of that day, in doing some writing for the mission, (for she was always my copyist,) and in the care of the children; yet as it was the birth-day of our departed Charles, she found time to express at some length, in her private diary, her feelings in reference to the sore affliction experienced in his death, which had evidently been greatly sanctified to her soul. After speaking of the trial, as a 'merciful affliction,' expressing a wish to say more than she had done of what she hoped it had wrought in her, she says, among other things,—'Sure I am that I never before saw the Saviour so lovely, so desirable; never considered, as now, the length, and breadth, and height and depth of that love which passeth knowledge—the value of that fountain, which is set open for sin and uncleanness—never saw the whole glorious plan of salvation, so perfect, so wonderful — never with such feelings could say, 'My Lord and my God.' And while this view of the subject has seemed greatly to endear the fond object whose removal has

been the means, I have been thankful that the Lord did not wholly forsake me — did not leave me to 'compass myself about with sparks of my own kindling' — to strive to work out my own righteousness, by tears and groans for sin. Oh! I bless him for his chastisement, and long that it should bring forth more fruit. Sometimes heaven has seemed very near, and as though it would be easy to die. * * * Should I be called from my little family this night, from my dear husband, oh, my Saviour, let me rest in thine arms. Carry me all the Jordan through. Be with me, even as I cannot ask or think. Sustain my sinking feet. Tear every veil from these blind eyes. Let me not deceive myself. Be thou my Saviour, in that dark hour; and do thou most graciously bless my dear, dear husband. Uphold him with thine everlasting arms, let thy right hand be under his head, and thy left hand sustain him. * * * My dear babes! May they be thine — thine only, and forever.'

"I could quote more from what this beloved follower of tbe Lamb wrote only a few hours beforshe was taken ill, but space does not permit. Though unable after her illness commenced, to express to us her feelings, she left them on record down to the end of her being able to write. She

had for three or four months been much occupied in heavenly meditation, and had somewhat new views of the Saviour as *her* Saviour, by something like an *appropriating faith*. The Bible had not only become increasingly dear to her, but increasingly plain and appropriate, and her religious joys abounded as she grew in grace.

"She was fully prepared to die. Her house was set in order. Her lamp was trimmed and burning; and she was ready to meet the bridegroom. It was in some respects a great mercy that she was removed from earth so suddenly; for the pains of dying had often terrified her, and fear had kept her in bondage. The messenger came gently to her, for the last she knew was, when, speaking to me, she said she felt no pain, but entirely at ease; and bidding me good night, wished me to lie down on a couch. She then fell asleep, and awaked no more to any consciousness of what was passing around her; but awaked, I doubt not, to behold the 'full glories of the Lamb.'"

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.